Roles

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Roles

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 11: Crossdressing.

Will has fantasies about being collared and mated like an omega, even though he's an alpha. Hannibal indulges him.

Notes

The other prompts for this day were not catching my attention, but I just did lingerie a couple days ago so I wanted to get creative with this one. So this has regular crossdressing as well as A/B/O gender play, which I don't think I've seen before? Well, it's a thing now. This is more or less what I imagine Will wearing, for reference.

Once Hannibal had found the collar Will had hiding in his dresser drawer, it didn't take him long to get Will to admit that it was meant for himself—a fantasy he had been harboring for a long time before he took the step and bought it, not long after he and Hannibal started dating. The fantasies intensified then, once vague and now specifically linked to Hannibal—the thought of being *Hannibal's* omega, collared in the traditional fashion, of getting on his knees and spreading his legs and being taken, marked, bred. Of being treated like he was Hannibal's sweet, precious, beautiful omega. Like he was the stereotype of a fragile omega, rather than the powerful alpha who Hannibal would wrestle into submission before fucking like a beast, or vice versa. Not that he disliked that stuff—he loved it. But something of the vulnerability of roleplaying as an omega was truly, intensely appealing.

Once Will was reassured that Hannibal found nothing strange about it, it wasn't difficult for Hannibal to convince him that it was a fantasy worth trying out. He eagerly accepted Hannibal's suggestion that they add some further props, symbols of femininity that were more much more common among omegas, who were traditionally lavished in gifts and things to emphasize their beauty. They made a ritual of it. Hannibal bathed Will, conditioning his hair and rubbing lotion in to soften his skin. He used a straight razor to shave Will's stubble down as close as possible, and even applied some blush to his cheeks and tinted balm to his lips to simulate the flush of heat. To finish it off, Will wore a silky, dusty pink babydoll dress.

He blushed when he saw his own reflection. He hadn't realized he could look quite so pretty, and he felt pleasantly self-conscious with Hannibal at his back, eyes roaming across his figure.

Hannibal smoothed the front of his dress. "Ready for the final touch?"

Will nodded. Hannibal took the thin leather collar—much more symbolic than functional—and placed it around Will's neck, with its new engraving visible at the front: *Lecter*.

When the collar tightened around his throat Will briefly tensed, then exhaled and felt a shiver run down his spine. His alpha instincts made him more guarded about his neck than an omega would be, but surrendering to the sensation was its own thrill. Once the collar buckled into place, Hannibal gave it a gentle tug, just enough to demonstrate it was fully secured.

"Beautiful, my love," Hannibal murmured in his ear. "Will you get ready for me now?"

Will nodded. They had agreed to this ahead of time—Hannibal would wait in the bedroom while Will stretched and lubricated himself, so he could sink into him as easily as he would an omega, and then knot him safely. Will already had an anal plug in to begin the process, so it would only take a minute more and some fresh lube for him to prepare himself.

Hannibal kissed the top of his head, and left the room.

When Will entered the room, Hannibal rose to greet him, and gave him a soft kiss. Then he made an intrigued noise. His hands slid down satin until they rested at Will's waist, and he scented Will beneath his jaw and behind his ear. His hands tightened possessively on Will, and he growled in a way that sent an electric shock through Will.

“You, my dear, are entering heat.”

Will shivered as Hannibal’s hands slid further down, onto his bare thighs and up under his skirt, onto his bare ass, until his fingers hit slick.

Will whined quietly and arched back into it, the image of an eager, heat-stricken omega.

“Are you suffering already without me, dear? Do you need me to relieve your ache, fill you up?”

“Please,” Will said, kissing Hannibal’s jaw and nuzzling into it. The hands on his ass grabbed and spread it, and he gasped, clutching at Hannibal.

Hannibal guided Will to the bed, spreading him out on it and laying over him, kissing his neck and the V of his chest framed by pink satin. Hannibal ran his hands under the delicate fabric and up his stomach, teasing and tweaking his nipples. Will arched his back and moaned more wantonly and breathlessly than he normally would have. Hannibal’s eyes were dark and ravenous as he took in every inch of the sight beneath him, and a growl built in his throat. His fingers pressed at Will’s hole and rubbed over the slick opening.

“So nice and wet. All ready for your alpha, aren’t you?”

Will nodded, gasping when Hannibal pressed against him, the hardness of his cock rutting against Will’s.

“Tell me what you need,” Hannibal said, voice sharp against his ear.

“Need you to fuck me, fill me up. I feel—” He whined as Hannibal nipped at his neck, sucking a bruise into it that pinched and throbbed. It felt good. Really good. “I feel so empty. Need your knot. Need…” He bit his lip. Hannibal had left this up to him—if it felt right to him in the moment, they’d go with it; if not, they’d take their dirty talk in another direction. But the thought of it right now was making him so hot and flushed and *hard*, he knew he had to say it. “Need you to breed me.”

Hannibal’s grip on him tightened and his hips ground down, his breath huffing sharply in Will’s ear. He was clearly turned on by the idea too, and it fed the flames of Will’s arousal. Will wrapped his legs around him to pull him in as close as possible.

Will didn’t have to fake the note of desperation in his voice when he said, “Do it. Give me your baby, please, I *need* it.”

Hannibal snarled, and a thrill shot through him. Then Hannibal pulled back and said, “Present, Will.”

He swallowed hard. He was expecting Hannibal to just flip him over, but this was better. The intensity in his eyes, the low order, the expectation that Will would simply roll over and submit. And he did, getting onto his knees and lowering his chest, back curving until his ass was sticking straight up into the air. The hem of his gown slid down his back, leaving his ass

completely bare to Hannibal's gaze. He groaned, feeling a flush of embarrassment that made him tingle all over.

Hannibal settled behind him, smoothing his hands over Will's thighs and up, tracing a finger around his rim so it twitched in anticipation.

"Beautiful, my love," he crooned. "You're dripping wet for me."

His finger pressed in and Will whined, pressed back. It wasn't nearly enough. It pressed around in a circle, curved and searched out his prostate, but only brushed oh-so-lightly across it, and it was maddening.

Will squirmed and pushed back even harder, but Hannibal removed his finger entirely and smoothed a hand down his back, hushing him.

"Be still, and wait for me. I'll give you everything you want, I promise, dear."

Hannibal placed his hand on the nape of Will's neck and brushed the hair off of it before pressing his head gently down into the mattress.

Then his cock lay against Will's hole and pushed right in without hesitation.

Will moaned. Even prepared as he was, it was a stretch, and he felt so intensely full—but he was so slick that Hannibal's cock went in without a hitch, large though it was. So smooth and easy, like Will's body had opened up just for him. It was a heady feeling.

"That's it," Hannibal said. As if reading his thoughts: "You were made to take my cock perfectly, weren't you, my love?"

Will wanted to respond, say something in affirmation, but he was feeling too fuzzy-headed, everything warm and buzzing. Hannibal was pressing so deep inside him that all he could do was moan. But it was slow.

"More," Will managed to choke out. "I need more. Harder. Please, I…"

Hannibal tightened his hand in Will's hair, thrust hard enough to make him gasp.

"Yes," Hannibal said, voice now less soothing and more thick with desire. "You need much more to get you through your heat, don't you?"

Will thought of himself spending hours like this, weak and desperate and vulnerable, with Hannibal the only thing that could bring him relief. He liked that image.

"Need you," he said. "My alpha."

Hannibal grasped him by the shoulders and hauled him back so he slid down on Hannibal's cock, clutched tight against his chest. He sucked the lobe of Will's ear as he ground into him.

“My beautiful omega,” he said, and Will whimpered. “Going to be so beautiful when you grow heavy with my child.”

Will felt arousal radiate from the base of his spine and through his entire body. “Mm, want it so bad.”

“You want everyone to see you with your belly round and my name on your neck, and have them know immediately how completely you are mine?”

“*Yes*. Yes, knot me, knock me up.”

He made an ungraceful noise as Hannibal threw him back onto the mattress and started plowing him into it, a hand on his back to encourage the appropriate omega pose. The way Hannibal’s cockhead struck so deep inside him sent shockwaves through his body repeatedly, incessantly, so turned on he felt unhinged.

When he felt Hannibal’s cock start to thicken at the base, he tried to arch even deeper to press his ass up into it. It stretched, and it felt maddeningly good. Will loved taking Hannibal’s knot, but it was a rare treat—always requiring prep, and still feeling intense and borderline painful. The fact was his body was not designed to take something of that size into it. But it would tonight—he knew it would, Hannibal had agreed to find a way to coax it in, as long as Will didn’t use his safeword.

And sure enough, it began to stretch in earnest and it felt amazing, but overwhelming. And when it got to a certain point Will gasped and winced, and Hannibal kneaded the nape of his neck.

“It’s okay, love. Just relax and take it.”

Will tried, but the next press made him whine, clawing the sheets.

“Shhh, I know,” Hannibal said. “But you need it, my dear. Your body needs my knot and seed. You’re almost there.”

“Mmmm. Hurts.”

“Just take a little bit more, you're doing so well. Let me breed you nice and deep. I know you can do it.”

Will moaned and stretched out, making small noises until Hannibal’s knot was seated fully inside him, with Hannibal soothing him until his hips twitched and he groaned. Hannibal’s fingers sank into his hips, holding them steady as he ground in as deep as possible and his knot contracted. Will gasped as he felt Hannibal’s cock pulsing inside him, knot pressed against his prostrate. His own cock was rock-hard and leaking, a futile knot of its own trying to form. Hannibal grunted and pressed in again, and Will felt the pressure grow inside his gut.

Hannibal growled and pressed Will down, heavy on his back. “There you are. Let your womb soak it up.”

Will whimpered, trying to rub against the bed for friction but finding himself too tightly tied to get any freedom of motion. He'd told Hannibal to ignore his cock in favor of his hole for this particular experience, but he was so desperate, so close.

Hannibal hummed and nuzzled into Will's neck. "Do you want more? Want to milk my cock so you get every last drop?"

He rolled his hips, knot too snugly secured to budge, but it pulled back against Will's sensitive rim, and the pressure when he pushed back in was immense.

"Do you want me to touch your little omega cock to help you come?"

"P-please."

Hannibal reached under Will and gave him a squeeze. His fingers caressed him, ignoring the burgeoning knot and rolling the head between them. Will's back flexed and arched, and it didn't take much more, as close as he was.

When he came, his muscles clenched around Hannibal so tight that it ached, and Hannibal growled and bit the juncture of his neck and shoulder, trying his best to rut in further before Will felt him come again.

He gasped, shuddering, and Hannibal licked and nipped at his nape. His arms wrapped around Will, tight and affectionate, and he continued treating Will's neck to licks and sucks, sensations that made his spine curl in pleasure.

"Perfect, Will. So good for me."

He imagined Hannibal's release flooding his non-existent womb, seeding him this very moment and taking root. Imagined that he could feel it filling him and sating the desperate instincts of his body. Imagined that when Hannibal's hand rested on his belly, it rested on the start of their child. His body hummed with satisfaction, lax and sleepy, and his own knot faded without further stimulation.

"I like having you like this," he murmured. It was so intimate, having Hannibal locked inside him, nuzzling him. "Having you… mmm… breeding me."

Hannibal chuckled into his ear, and he shivered. "I would be open to doing this again, if you are."

"Yeah." He gave a huff of laughter, suddenly aware of the picture they made like this, so stereotypically alpha and omega. As if half the time it wasn't Will with his teeth in Hannibal's neck. "I'd like that."

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